NUMB. CXXXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

At hæc etiam Servis ſemper libera fuerunt timerent, gauderent, dolerent ſuo potius quam alterius arbitrio.
Tull. Epiſt.

Tueſday, Auguſt 7. 1711.

IT is no ſmall Concern to me, that I find ſo many Complaints from that part of Mankind whoſe Portion it is to live in Servitude, that thoſe whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit. There are, as theſe unhappy Correſpondents inform me, Maſters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant has broke looſe from them, if he does not preſerve the utmoſt Awe in their Preſence. There is one who ſays, if he looks diſmal his Maſter asks him what makes him ſo pert this Morning; if a little ſowre, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the moſt extreme Miſery together: The Maſter knows not how to preſerve Reſpect, nor the Servant how to give it. It ſeems this Perſon is of ſo ſullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midſt of a plentiful Fortune, and ſecretly frets to ſee any Appearance of Content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Poſſeſſion of the whole. Uneaſie Perſons, who cannot poſſeſs their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expreſſed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

SIR, *Auguſt* 2, 1711.

'I Have read your *Spectator* of the 3d of the laſt Month, and wiſh I had the Happineſs of being preferred to ſerve ſo good a Maſter as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Maſter is the very Reverſe of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries. As when any thing is to be remembred, with a peculiar caſt of Face he cries, *Be ſure to forget now.* If I am to make haſte back, *Don't come theſe two Hours; be ſure to call by the Way upon ſome of your Companions.* Then another excellent way of his is, if he ſets me any thing to do, which he knows muſt neceſſarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner, and the ſame Perverſeneſs runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumſtances vary. Beſides all this, he is ſo Suſpicious, that he ſubmits himſelf to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himſelf as he makes his Servants: He is conſtantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleaſure and Liberty than as a Goaler and a Priſoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no ſooner makes a Diſcovery, but falls into ſuch Language, as I am more aſhamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a ſhort Sketch of a Maſter I have ſerved upwards of nine Years, and tho' I have never wronged him, I confeſs my Deſpair of pleaſing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to ſteal a Sentence out of my Maſter's *Clarendon*, I ſhall tell you my Caſe in a Word, *Being uſed worſe than I deſerved, I cared leſs to deſerve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

RALPH VALET.

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

'I Am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am ſo uſed by them both that I ſhould be very glad to ſee them in the SPECTER. My Lady her ſelf is of no Mind in the world, and for that Reaſon her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her ſelf, ſhe pulls on and putts off every thing ſhe wears twenty times before ſhe reſolves upon it for that Day. I ſtand at one end of the Room and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Inſtant ſhe ſays No ſhe will not have it. Then I

'go

'go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and 'by this time ſhe will have that, and two or three 'things more in an Inſtant: The Woman and I 'run to each other, I am loaded and delivering the 'things to her when my Lady ſays ſhe wants none 'of all theſe things, and we are the dulleſt Crea-'tures in the World, and ſhe the unhappieſt Wo-'man living, for ſhe ſhan't be dreſs'd in any time. 'Thus we ſtand not knowing what to do, when 'our good Lady with all the Patience in the World 'tells us as plain as ſhe can ſpeak, ſhe ſays that ſhe 'will have Temper becauſe we have no manner 'of Underſtanding, and begins again to dreſs, and 'ſee if we can find out of our ſelves what we are 'to do. When ſhe is Dreſſed ſhe goes to Dinner, 'and after ſhe has diſliked every thing there ſhe calls 'for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then 'ſhe will not go out at all, and then will go too, 'and orders the Chariot. Now good Mr. SPECTER, 'I deſire you would, in the Behalf of all who ſerve 'froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that no-'thing can be done without allowing Time for it, 'and that one cannot be back again with what one 'was ſent for if one is called back before one can 'go a Step for that they want. And if you pleaſe 'let them know that all Miſtreſſes are as like as all 'Servants.

I am

Your Loving Friend

PATIENCE GIDDY.

Theſe are great Calamities, but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelſea*, a pleaſanter Tyrant than either of the above repreſented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waſtcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to ſink with the weight and could not keep up with his Maſter, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is ſomething very unaccountable that People cannot put themſelves in the Condition of the Perſons below them, when they conſider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common than to ſee a Fellow (who, if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the moſt worthleſs Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Maſter of himſelf, and his own Paſſions, cannot be a proper Maſter of another. Æquanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will eaſily diffuſe it ſelf through his whole Family: *Pamphilio* has the happieſt Houſhold of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the Human Regard he has to them in their private Perſons, as well as in reſpect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occaſion, wherein hey may in themſelves be ſuppoſed to be unfit to ttend their Maſter's Concerns, by reaſon of an Attention to their own, he is ſo good as to place himſelf in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He ſaid, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Siſter, and the other I don't expect to Wait, becauſe his Father died but two Days ago.*

ERRATA.

In Saturday's Spectator, Col. 3. *Line* 49. *for* that *read* they.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of July, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Eſſex-Street. Mrs. Boulter next the Roſe Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane; where alſo may be had thoſe for the Months of March, April, May and June.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this preſent Tueſday, being the 7th Day of Auguſt, will be preſented, A Comedy call'd the Lancaſhire Witches. Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell, late Poet Laureat. Carefully Reviſ'd. With all the Original Decorations of Scenes, Witche's Songs and Dances, proper for the Occaſion. The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnſon, Mr. Bullock Sen. Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock Jun. Mr. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradſhaw, Mrs. Cox. And the Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis.

THE Famous Water-Theatre of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly will continue to be Shown for 14 Days and no longer this Seaſon: There is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-Works the like was never perform'd by any. It is Shown for the Benefit of his Widow every Evening at 5 of the Clock; with ſeveral new Additions made this Summer: As Three new Stages, Sea Gods and Goddeſſes, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires, all of them playing of Water, and ſome with Fire mingling with the Water; and a Sea Triumph round the Barrel that hath entertained the Pit and Boxes with ſo many ſorts of Liquors: All which is taken away, and the Barrel is broke in Pieces before the Spectators. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 1 s. 6 d. Firſt Gallery 1 s. Upper Gallery 6 d. It is at the lower end of Pickadilly, and is known by the Wind-Mill on the Top of it. When this time is expired, Mr. Winſtanley's fam'd Houſe at Littleberry in Eſſex will be open'd in compleat Order, with ſeveral new Additions, and there for the benefit of his Widow.

Gowns of all Sorts newly made up, and ſuitably lined, to be Sold at the Hood and Scarf over againſt Will's Coffee-houſe in Cornhill; there are brocaded Gowns of 6 Guineas to Tuſſa Satins of 37 s. price. Ladies may be furniſhed with Satin and Paduſoy Quilted Coats of the beſt Work, and hoop'd Petticoats, made by the Duke of Mountague's Mantua Maker, which if the Ladies will try they will never buy the Prepoſterous things that are made about Town. The loweſt Price is ſet on each.

An infallible Electuary for Coughs and Colds, which immediately and ſafely cures them to admiration, takes away all Wheezing, Shortneſs of Breath, difficulty of Breathing, Soreneſs or Rawneſs of the Stomach or Wind-pipe; is Healing and Balſamick, eaſie gentle and wafie Expectoration, rectifies all manner of diſorders of the Lungs, preſerving them intire ſound and good, certainly cures Ulcers therein; removes all old ſhort Coughs, cures the Phthiſick and Aſthma to a Miracle, alſo Catarrhs or Defluxions of Rheum, &c. Its Noble Virtues are inexpreſſible, for it effectually and quickly cures all ſorts of Coughs, Colds and Diſorders of the Breaſt and Lungs to Wonder; 'tis not to be equall'd. Price 2 s. 6 d. a Pot. With Directions. Sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyſhop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church yard near Cheapſide.

Yeſterday was Publiſhed,

A Letter to a Friend concerning the Publick Debts, particularly that of the Navy. Price 2 d. Printed for J. Baker in Peter-noſter-row.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.